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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

By the Danube.

From the German of KARL BECK.

And I saw thee young and glowing,
Rich in sorrow's wealth untold,
Where the truth in hearts is growing,
Like the mine-shaft's precious gold,
By the Danube,
By the blue, the beauteous Danube.

In the stars 'twas writ, above thee,
That we two one day should meet,
And I should forever love thee—
And I read the record sweet
By the Danube,
By the blue, the beauteous Danube.

And my heart cast off its sadness:
On each withered, wintry bough
Blossoms opened eyes of gladness,
Nightingales came singing now
By the Danube,
By the blue, the beauteous Danube.

Ah, too soon am I forsaken,
Ah, too soon thou'rt fled from me,
Hast my heavenly ladder taken
And my Gods away with thee
From the Danube,
From the blue, the beauteous Danube,

Where Romance and Rose, appealing,
Call thee by a sister's name.
Restless one! I see thee stealing
Toward the Orient's heart of flame
Down the Danube,
Down the blue, the beauteous Danube.

When I think that I, tomorrow,
Ah, so soon! must with thee part,
What a billowy flood of sorrow
Rolls unfathomed through my heart,
Like the Danube,
Like the blue, deep rolling Danube!

Then, when lone and sorrow-laden,
Nightly by its waves I pine—
Lo! the shadowy mermaid
Rises, by the pale moon-shine,
From the Danube,
From the blue, the beauteous Danube.

And the murmuring waters borrow
Love's sweet tones of pitying woe:
Fevered heart! 'twould ease thy sorrow
Wert thou sleeping down below
In the Danube,
In the cool, blue rolling Danube!

C. T. B.

Haydn's Diaries in England.

(Concluded from page 283.)

The city of London uses annually 800,000 cartloads of coal, each load containing 13 sacks, each sack 2 bushels. Most of these coals come from Newcastle; 200 ships laden with coal often arrive at once. The cartload costs £2 1-2.

Anno 1795, the shalter (chaldron) or load was £7.

During the last 30 years 38,000 houses have been built.

When a woman murders her husband she is burnt alive, on the other hand a man is hung.

The punishment of a murderer is increased by adding to his sentence that his body after death shall be anatomized.

January, 14th 1792, the Pantheon Theatre was destroyed by fire about two o'clock, A. M.

On the 21st of May was Giardini's concert in Rauleigh. He played like a swine. (7)

June 12th was Mad. Mara's Benefit in the great Haymarket theatre. They played *Dido*, music by Sarti.

N.B. There was only the terzet, some recitatives and a short air of Sarti's composition. The rest of the music was by six other masters.

The prima donna sings an old air by Sacchini, S. Regina, etc.

Once when an Archbishop in London demanded of Parliament that a learned preacher of the Herrnuthers should be silenced, the Vice President answered, "That is a very easy matter—only mnke him a Bishop and he will be still enough the rest of his life!"

Each sluice costs 10,000 pounds. (8).

In Oxford street I saw an engraving of St. Peter, dressed as a secular priest with outstretched arms. To the right is seen the glory of heaven, on the left stands the devil whispering in his ear, on his head is a windmill.

June 1, 1792 was Mara's Benefit. He gave two of my symphonies, and I accompanied all alone, on the pianoforte, a very difficult English air by Purcell. The company was very small. (9).

In the month of January 1792 a roasting fowl cost 7 sh., an indian (turkey?) 9 sh., a dozen larks 1 crown. N.B. When they are without feathers, a duck 5 sh.

On the 3d of June, the evening before the King's birthday, all the church bells throughout London are rung from 8 to 9 o'clock. So also in honor of the Queen.

Feb. 8th, 1792 was the first Ancient Concert.

Feb. 13. The Professional concerts began.

The 17th. Salomon's Concert.

Anecdote. As the Director in a grand Concert was about to begin the first piece, the drummer called to him, he must wait a moment as his two drums were not tuned. The leader neither could nor would wait any longer and said he should in the meantime transpose.

[A mere memorandum of another anecdote is omitted].

When Mr. Fox was canvassing votes for his election to Parliament a citizen told him, he would give him instead of his vote, a rope. Fox answered, it being a family inheritance, he would not deprive him of it.

Duchess of Devonshire his protectress. Anecdote.

N.B. from the Wurmland.

[Latin proverb omitted.]

Ex nihilo nihil fit

Domine, praxis est multiplex, qui n'intelligat est simplex.

Stella a stella differt claritate, non eadem lux omnibus.

Lord, it is not all light that shines.

Interesse toto mundo
sin fronte colitur
sine satis, sine fundo
interque quacritur.

Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

Supernumeraries, the fifth wheel of a coach.

Mens, ratio et consilium in senibus est.

Si mei non esset, perfectus quilibet esset raro sunt visi, qui carnere nisi.

Eight days before Pentecost I heard in St. Paul's church 4000 charity children sing the following tune. A performer [sic] gave the time. No music in all my life has moved me so deeply as this, so devotional and simple.



N.B. All the children have new clothes and walk thither in procession. First the organist played the melody through very neatly and simply, and then all began to sing at the same moment. (10).

In the year 1791, 22,000 persons died in London.

Lokhart, a blind organist.

Io vi mando questo foglio
Dalle lagrime rigato
Sotto scritto dal cordoglio
Dai pensieri siggillato
Testimento del mio amore
Vi mando questo core.

February 13th 1792 was the first Professional Concert.

On the 17th Salomon's concert.

March 20th 1792 in the evening there was a thunder shower—something unusual in London.

A journeyman mechanic, as a rule, works year in and year out from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. and has of this time not more than an hour and a half to himself. He receives a guinea a week, and must board himself. Many are paid by the piece. Every quarter of an hour absence is detected. Smiths must work about an hour a day more.

To-day, June 5th 1792, I was in Vauxhall, where the King's birthday was celebrated. It was lighted by more than 30,000 lamps; but there were very few people there, owing to the

extreme cold. This place, with the variety it affords, has perhaps not its like in the world. There are 155 very neat little dining rooms scattered in various parts of the grounds, in each of which six persons have room enough for comfort. There are long lines of stately trees, the passage between being elegantly roofed and splendidly lighted. Coffee and almond milk are gratis—the entrance fee half a crown. The music is moderately good. We see there a statue of Handel in stone. On the 2d of this month there was a Masked Ball here, by which the lessee made 3000 guineas.

Singers and Songstresses in London.

Mara.	Poet Badini.
Storace.	Maffei
Billington.	bella ma
Cassentini.	poco musica.
Lops, N.B.	
Negri.	Capelletti.
Celestini.	(d)
Choris.	Davis, detta,
Benda.	Inglesina, laquale
Mrs. Barthelemon.	recitava a Napoli
and daughter.	quando l'aveva 13 anni.
Schinotti.	Ella é adesso vecchietta,
Mad. <i>Seconda passabile.</i>	ma ha una buona Scuola.
Bacchierotti. (a)	Kelly.
Daive.	Crantsch. (b)
Albertacelli.	Harrison.
Doreli.	Simoni.
Lazarini in the Pantheon.	Miss Pool. (c)
Mazzanti.	Miss Barch.
Morelli.	Mrs. Bland.

Compositores.

Baumzarta.	Frike, No. 24.
Clementi.	Blandford St.
Dussek Dessek.	Manchester Square.
Girowetz. (e).	
Choris.	Colcott, Scholar.
Chelsea College—Burney.	La Trolie,
Hüllmandel. [Dr.]	dedicated to me
Graff.	his Pianoforte Sonata.
Dittenhofer.	
Storace.	A herrnhuter.
Arnold.	Burney.
Barthelemon.	Titchfield St.
Shield*	
Carter*	Friedericci.
Cramers.	
Tomich.	
Mazingi, (f).	
Pianist at the Pantheon.	

Pianists.

Clementi.	Graff, also flutist.
Dussek. (g).	Miss Barthelemon.
Girowetz.	Cramer.
Dittenhofer.	Miss Jansa.
Burney.	Hummel of Vienna.
Mrs. Burney.	Mrs. Jansen.
Hüllmandel.	Lenz, still very young.

Violinists.

Salomon.	Serra, in service
Cramer.	of Marquis Durazzo.
Clement, petit. (h).	
Barthelemon.	Borghi.
Shield.	Giarmonichi
Hindmarsh, Engl.	Felix Jamilicz.
Scheener, Germ.	Jaronez.
Raimondi, Hal.	
Giardine.	

Violoncellists.

Grosdill.	Sperati.
Mencel.	Shramb.
Mara.	

Oboists.

Fischer.	Lolli and his son came
Hamington.	from Stockholm.

Doctors Music.

Depins, a grand	Barney.
organist.	Hess in Oxford.
	Anold.

Krumpholz, l'Arpa. Mr. Blumb imitated a parrot and accompanied himself excellently on the pianoforte. Mr. de le Valle, a pupil of Krumpholz, not quite so fine a player (on the

harp) as Madame Krumpholz—plays also the pianoforte. Her sister-in-law plays the violin very nicely.

Mr. Antis a Bishop and Composer for piano-forte.

Nicolai, chamberlain of the King and composer.

Hartman, fluteplayer, had to leave England from poverty, lost his wife by death—was at last a scamp.

December 31, I was with Pleyel in the Pantheon theatre, they gave the 'Pastorella Nobile' of Gaglichi. Mad. Cassentini played the leading part, Lazarini Primo huomo, the lean Calueri l'ultima parte. The opera did not please, nor did the ballet notwithstanding the great Hillisberg (Hillisbery?) danced.

Ambaschiador, C. Comte de Stadion.

Prince de Castelecala of Naples.

Le Marquis del Campo of Spain.

Friend! You think

You're loved by me. In this you err
- - - - - not, certainly. (13).

In solitude also there are divinely beautiful duties, and to perform these in secret is better than gold.

Seek not from fortune gifts too great

Seek not a wife too fair,

Lest Heaven perchance for you this fate,

As punishment prepare. (14).

Who wisely marks, that naught on earth is stable,

Good fortune ne'er elates, nor bad makes miserable.

Intra in gaudium
haheo et non habeor.

chi ben comincia, ha la
meta
dell' opera, ne si commin-
cia ben
se non (a) in dal cielo.

Resurgam.
in coelo quies.

God in the heart, a good
wife on the arm,
The soul is made blessed
the heart is made warm.
And so, with the warmth
of true friendship,
commends himself to your
loving remembrance

Kenne Gott, die Welt, und dich,
Liebster Freund, und denk an mich.

So viel zum angedenken lilies - - -

Keune Gott die Welt und dich Liebster freund und denk au
[Mich! und
DA CAPO.

denk au mich heme Gott die Welt aud dich leibster freund.

Within the last 31 years 38,000 houses have been built in London.

Painter, Mr. Ott, of Gutttenbrunn.

Capelletti.

On the 5th of November the boys celebrated the day on which the Guys [sic] set fire to the city.

On the 9th of November I dined with the Lord Mayor.

Kotzwarra. (15).

NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

(7). This was an attempt by Giardini to repair his broken fortunes. He had not been heard publicly in

England for some years, and the present was his last performance; on which occasion he gave his own Oratorio, Ruth, but it failed to attract a profitable audience; he scarcely covered his expenses. Such was the lot of a man, who had once been almost idolized in this country! (*Harmonicon*, vol. v. p. 6.)

It must have been a bitter cup to Giardini to be so forgotten—to see the worship formerly paid him transferred to the swarthy, ugly little man from Vienna! Fourteen years later Haydn spoke more kindly of his playing than is his record of it at the time. The following is from Dies:

"Haydn desired to become acquainted with Giardini on account of his remarkable fame as a violinist, and expressed this desire in the presence of a lord, who immediately offered to take him to the Italian. They drove thither and sent in their names by the servant whom they found in the ante-room. The door not having been fully shut, they heard distinctly Giardini's answer in Italian, in a loud voice, to the servant: 'I will not make the acquaintance of the German dog!' The lord was excessively indignant at Giardini's conduct, and thenceforth cut his acquaintance. Haydn, on the contrary, felt the comical side of the matter and to this day [1806] always laughs at the name Giardini. * * The Italian gave a public concert soon after. Haydn was one of the auditors, unrecognized, and wondered at the skill of the virtuoso, who in his old age [he had already been over 40 years in England] played with the fire of youth, drew the tenderest tones from his violin in the Adagio and thus won over his auditors. So Haydn pardoned his ill humor and attributed the burst to the petulance of age."

Gerber mistakes in saying that in 1784 Giardini left England forever—a mistake repeated by Schilling and Gassner in their Musical Lexicons.

(8). Probably the passages into the docks are here meant.

(9). Mara was originally a violoncellist in the employ of Frederic II. at Berlin—and a very good one. He was a great ass, but his wife was besotted with his beauty of person.

(10). This hymn as Haydn terms it,* was a chant, composed by Mr. John Jones, the organist at St. Paul's. The manuscript shown to Mr. Beyle† by Haydn himself, was undoubtedly a copy of this chant, the melody of which is printed, though not quite accurately, in the *Lettres sur Haydn*. A composition, that so powerfully affected the great composer, is worth preserving, and as we believe it is not published in a correct and practicable form, we here insert a copy of it from the author's MS.



This chant was performed in the following manner when Haydn heard it. The first portion of three bars was sung by the choir accompanied by the organ; the thousands of children assembled, and who were well instructed for the purpose, responded

* It is well known, now, that Beyle's book (published under the assumed name, Bombet), was a plagiarism of Carpani's "Le Haydine." On the 33d page of "Le Haydine," Carpani quotes the anecdote from the Leipzig *Allg. Musik Zeitung*. Of course Haydn never showed Beyle the chant in question.

† Haydn's word is "Lied"—Song, not Hymnus.

in the second portion. The third was then given in the manner of the first and the fourth in a similar way to the second; altogether producing an effect that baffles description and which could not have failed to operate with extraordinary force on such strong religious feelings, united to such susceptibility to musical effect, as the great composer possessed.—(*Harmonicon*, as above.)

Dies says to this point: "Haydn wrote in his memorandum book: 'No music in my life has affected me so deeply as this, so devotional and simple.'" He added orally to this, "I stood there and wept like a child." He remarked that the voices sounded like Angel's voices; that the falling down to B in the first three bars produced an anxious heart-touching effect, since the tones produced by the tender throats of the children died away and the B sounded but as a passing breath; that in the sequel the tones of the melody, rising gradually, gained more and more life and strength, and hence, the melody, thereby gaining light and shade, acted powerfully upon the feelings."

The reader will notice 1st. that Haydn's copy gives the key of E, and 2d. that according to his recollection the children sang both parts of the chant.—Haydn's testimony was given some 14 years after the performance—the *Harmonicon's* more than thirty.—Haydn's is certainly the more weighty.

(11). The directors of the Professional Concerts, Cramer, Clementi, &c., did their best to draw Haydn away from Salomon and Gallini, but Haydn could not be induced to break his engagement with the last named gentlemen.

(a) Pacchierotti, (b) Crouch, (c) Parke(?), (d) Davies, Cecilia, (f) Mazzinghi, author of the lovely "Peace, troubled soul!" (e) Adalbert Gyrowitz, (who in his old age wrote an autobiography in the third person) was one of Salomon's composers—a favorite symphonist of the London public. We intend to make his life better known to the readers of *Dwight's Journal*—when the stars come into the right conjunction. (g) Dussek or Dussik. (h) Franz Clement, for whom Beethoven wrote his violin concerto some 15 years later.

(13). The German is: — Mein freund! du meinst ich liebe dich! Du irrst dich — wahrhaftig nicht.

(14). The German is:

Beghere nicht ein Glück zu gross
Und nicht ein Weib zu schön,
Der Himmel möchte dir dies Loos
Im Zorne zugesethu.

(15). With this single name "Kotzwara," on one of the last leaves, this memorandum books ends.—The name, no doubt, was a mere note to remind Haydn in the future of the following:—

Franz Koczwara, a native of Prague and a fine musician and composer, came early to London, where he published much and very popular instrumental music and several English songs. It was early in September (1791), Gerber, says that K., leaving the theatre where he had played with applause, joined a company of "good fellows."

Becoming heated with wine he allowed himself to be hung in the door way, as he had done several times before. The company however seem to have chosen to enjoy his struggles longer than usual, and was in no hurry to release him. When at last they did see fit to take him down—Koczwara was dead!

Thoroughly English sport!

Scudo on Auber.

Translated from *L'Art Musical*, by J. V. Bridgeman.

There has been a talk for some time past of the revival, at the Opera, of M. Auber's *Muette de Portici*. It is said, moreover, that the illustrious master, who bears so lightly the weight of

so many years, and so many charming *chefs d'œuvres*, is engaged on a new work in three acts, for the theatre of his predilection and his glory; whence we may legitimately conclude that the author of *Le Domino Noir*, *Le Maçon*, *Fra Diavolo*, etc., etc., never intends to cease from his labors, appearing to apply to those impertinent persons who insinuate that it is time for him to lay down his pen, "Auber dies, but does not surrender." Heaven forbid that we should belong to those who grow weary of good things and become impatient of hearing others always praising the virtue of Aristides. Musicians like M. Auber are not made in a day, and those nations which produced them are perfectly right to be proud of them, and never to tire of admiring them.

When a man has been engaged for a somewhat considerable period in the rough career of criticism militant, he feels, at some time or other, the necessity of collecting his thoughts, and asking himself how, in the heat of polemical discussion, and of that improvisation frequently necessitated by the exigencies of the periodical press, he has appreciated, on the spur of the moment, the various successive works of a fertile and justly renowned artist. He anxiously asks himself whether he has been equitable, and whether he has not been deficient in correctness, taste, or moderation, when judging the labors of an eminent composer who holds the first rank in the art of his native country. I have never had an opportunity of discussing at any length M. Auber's numerous operas. The first time I took the liberty of writing anything about this composer, whose talent is so popular, and yet so contested by a group of wrong-minded individuals and pretended innovators, was on the production of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, grand opera in five acts, represented in the month of December, 1850. Speaking of that singular experiment of an amiable composer, who had ventured to select a subject so opposed to the known character of his talent, I said:—"Acquainted as we are with M. Auber's numerous works, and having seen and admired *Le Domino Noir*, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *La Part du Diable*, and even *La Muette de Portici*, we ask what can have induced so clever an artist, to take a fancy, at so advanced a period of his career, for a biblical subject! M. Auber possesses too much experience to fancy that an artist skilled in his profession, can take up, with impunity, every subject, and say to a block of marble:—"Tu seras Dieu ou Couvete, just as it suits my pleasure." If art consists merely in acquaintance with material processes, if the difference of style was a result of the will alone and if, to express all kinds of sentiments and passions, it were sufficient to be master of the instrument one employs, M. Auber would have the right to set the Bible to song with the same freedom that M. Horace Vernet has used to transfer to canvas the great scenes of the Old Testament. M. Auber is a musician of a good race. Pupil of Cherubini, and the contemporary of Méhul, Boieldieu, and Nicolo. M. Auber, who was about forty when he turned his attention to the stage, adopted the musical forms then current. The arrival of Rossini in Paris, and the immense success his great genius had obtained throughout Europe, excited the attention of M. Auber. He modified his style, strengthened his orchestration, and like Hérold, became one of the most felicitous imitators of the author of *Il Barbiere*. *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Domino Noir*, *La Muette de Portici*, and *Le Pré aux Cleres*, afford a living evidence of the influence of Rossini upon the French school, just as *La Juive*, *La Reine de Chypre*, and *Charles VI.*, are plainly connected with the impulse given by *Robert le Diable*.—Less tender, less sweet, but better as a musician than Boieldieu; more varied, more fertile, and more skilful than Nicolo; inferior to Hérold, as well in breadth and vigor of style, as in the color and elevation of the melodic ideas, M. Auber belongs to that school of amiable and ready artists, who succeed in expressing the lesser movements of the soul, arch gaiety, light gallantry, and that tempered emotion which moistens the eyelid with a furtive and discreet tear. M. Auber's melodies, without possessing great originality, are

always elegantly turned, and admirably suited for the voice; his harmony, boasting of little variety, is always full, and frequently abounding in pungent modulations, while his orchestration, sparkling with spirit and varied rhythms, is a genuine model of good scoring.

"The opera of *L'Enfant Prodigue* will add nothing to M. Auber's reputation. An elegant composer, a ready musician, and a man of delicate, sharp intelligence, well acquainted with the stage, and all the resources of composition, the author of *La Muette de Portici* and *Le Domino Noir* ventured far away from the flowery path traced out for him by nature when he chose a redoubtable subject, which requires the genius of Mozart, the imagination of Rossini, or at the very least, the serious and elevated talent of Méhul. We cannot deceive our vocation; we cannot find in our soul what nature has not placed there, and, as a great writer has observed, the style is the man. Charming master! who enchanted our youth, throw away the heroic trump which distends your cheeks so frightfully, and, above all, do not meddle with the harp of the Prophets; resume your shepherd's pipe; tell us, once more, one of those tales, slightly *drôlatique*, which you tell so well; remain one of the beloved children of France who, despite of all that may be done and all that may be decreed, will always love a laugh, even on Sunday."*

In 1856, M. Auber brought out, at the theatre of the Opera-Comique, a new work in three acts, *Manon Lescaut*, the words of which were by his inseparable collaborateur, Scribe. "The patriarch of the French school," we remarked in reference to this work, "has just committed a fresh error of youth. It is called *Manon Lescaut*.—Indefatigable, and always in the breach, the author of so many light scores, which have charmed an entire generation, will not withdraw from the lists, where he still appears to advantage. Man is a spirit, served by a machine contracting habits, which become, at last, a second nature. The interruption of these habits, the fact of changing the pace of one's steed, and making it walk, when it has galloped all its life, produces a shock which is invariably dangerous. M. Auber, who has been an elegant horseman, and who takes his little ride in the Bois de Boulogne every day, trotting along and enjoying the fresh air, together with the gentle melodies, which he hastens to put down in a pocket-book kept for the purpose—M. Auber will not yet sing with a certain refined poet, from whom he has caught some of his amiable weaknesses:—

"Tirez, il faut penser à faire la retraite:

La course de nos jours est plus qu'à demi faite;
L'âge insensiblement nous conduit à la mort;
Nous avons assez ou sur la mer de ce monde;
Errer au gré des flots notre net vagabonde;
Il est temps de jouir des délices du port."

It is true that the light bark of the author of *Le Maçon* never encountered any very severe tempests, and, consequently, never had to repair any very great damage. M. Auber has not cared to venture too far from the banks of the Seine, and if, by an excess of temerity, he has happened to do so on one or two occasions, after the *Enfant Prodigue*, which dragged him to Egypt, where he was lost, he soon returned, protesting that he would never be caught doing such a thing again. The subject of *Manon Lescaut*, altogether French by the grace of the mind which conceived it, was of a nature well calculated to tempt the coquetish muse of Auber. We are even astonished that he should have waited so long before singing the caprices of this mad-brained Mimi Pinson, this Frétilion of the eighteenth century, who ended as they all end, without a roof to shelter her. M. Scribe, who is an ogre, a vampire, living on the blood of the finest *chefs d'œuvres* of French literature, has treated the Abbé Prévost's work as he treated the Bible in *L'Enfant Prodigue*.—Thus, the Manon he has given us is no longer Manon; no, no, it is "no longer Lisette," and but for the final catastrophe he was compelled to retain, the title would be the only thing in common between his three acts and the admirable

* An allusion to a resolution for this observance of Sunday, then under discussion in the Legislative Assembly.

episode which has immortalized the name of the Abbé Prévost." After having minutely analyzed the score, and carefully pointed out the most striking pieces, such as the couplets, "Manon est frivole et légère;" a charming duet between Manon and Desgrieux, "Lorsque l'orage gronde;" and, above all, the final prayer of Manon, expiring in the midst of the desert, we conclude in the following words:—"By this last page of music, M. Auber has raised himself almost to a level with the noble emotion produced by the *chef d'œuvre* of the Abbé Prévost, and has proved, in opposition to the usual tendency of his ready genius, that the impression of love is more difficult to imitate than the fancy."

"To speak of M. Auber," I observed, when noticing *La Circassienne*, "is an easy and agreeable thing for a critic who has not imprisoned his taste in one particular school, or in one exclusive form of art. If it suited us to reply to opponents of no authority, we could easily prove to them that no artist of merit ever found us insensible to his efforts, and that no one feels enthusiasm more readily than ourselves for things and men worthy of admiration. Extravagant encomiums, uttered on every occasion, and without moderation, will never be confounded with the judgment of well-considered criticism, which knows whence it sets out and what end it would attain."

"France may have produced greater musicians than M. Auber, such as Méhul, and above all, Herold, but she has never found a composer more sympathetic, more inspired with her amiable, gay, and railing spirits, or more clever in expressing musically, not the profound sentiment of love and the stronger passions of the human heart, which are hardly in keeping with her temperament, but that exquisite gallantry which has reigned in the language and the nation ever since the formation of polite society."

"The author of *Le Domino Noir* and *Fra Diavolo*, of the *Muette* and thirty other works, which are well known and have become popular, possesses a joyous and ready imagination; he is an elegant musician, full of happy melodies; an exquisite harmonist, and a wit, tempered by grace, angry at nothing, and easily consoled; who amuses and charms us without violent transports or loud bursts of laughter. . . . Were the last two acts of *La Circassienne* equal to the first act, M. Auber might boast of having written, when eighty years of age, one of his best operas. It is a meritorious work, worthy, to some extent, of the master whose life it crowns; I mean of the most charming and youngest of French composers."

Born at Caen, the 29th January, 1782, M. Auber is eighty years old. He is the son of a printseller, in very easy circumstances, who intended him for trade. He studied music as an amateur, and went out into society, where his wit, his agreeable manners, and his taste for the art which was destined to render his name illustrious, procured him a warm welcome. He was favorably known among the artists and amateurs of the day by romances and a few pieces of instrumental music, when he produced, at the Théâtre Feydeau, in 1813, a one-act opera, *Sejour Militaire*. This attempt did not satisfy the confidence his friends had in his talent. After some years of silence, and a reverse of fortune experienced by his father, M. Auber found himself obliged to look for the means of livelihood to that art which had previously been only a source of amusement for him. He brought out, at the Opera-Comique, in 1819, *Le Testament et le Billet-doux*, a one-act opera, no better received than the first. It was by *La Bergère Châteleine*, a comic opera in three acts, represented in 1820, that M. Auber became favorably known to the Parisian public, which he was to charm for so long a period. *Emma, ou la Promesse Imprudente*, a three-act opera, performed in 1821, confirmed the reputation of the new composer, then thirty-nine. The first work M. Auber composed, in conjunction with Scribe, was *Leicester*, a comic opera in three acts, belonging to the year 1822. After this essay, which was a complete success, the minds of these two men, so marvellously able

to understand and assist each other, produced a series of *chefs d'œuvre*, of which it will be sufficient to mention *Le Macon*, in 1825; *La Muette de Portici*, in 1828; *La Fiancée*, in 1829; *Le Domino Noir*, in 1837; *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, in 1841; *La Part du Diable*, in 1843; *La Sirène*, in 1844; and *Haydée*, in 1847. The world has rarely seen such an example of productiveness, so constantly successful, as that of these two illustrious men, whose partnership was brought to a close only by the premature death of Scribe. People have frequently compared the one with the other, and it has been said that, both by the good qualities, as well as by the defects, of the common productions, they were made to amuse and divert a rich bourgeoisie, which does not boast of a very severe taste, and whose favor they enjoyed; that their art is deficient in truth, elevation and sentiment, and that both of them, cherished children of fashion and caprice, would last only as long as a rose, or the passing tastes of the day. Without denying that a portion of this rather severe judgment may be founded in truth, we must at once acknowledge that, by elegance, flexibility, and correctness of style, M. Auber is an artist of a superior order to Scribe, who never knew how to write. The musical science of M. Auber is much more real than that of Halévy, of which people were constantly speaking, in order to excuse the monotony and fewness of his ideas. M. Auber is an exquisite musician; a charming painter of the petty passions of the heart, and of the coquetry of the mind; a Frenchman *ne matin*, and of the family Voltaire; a true Parisian, with his joyous humor, his gallantry, and his amiable carelessness. His works will live, in their essential parts, because they are the truthful expression of an entire generation and because, among them there are numerous pages of that unalterable beauty which is for all time. From the nature of his ideas and the qualities of his style, M. Auber belongs, in his proper rank, to the grand race of Mozart, Cherubini and Rossini. [?]

Remarks on the Rendering of the "Sinfonia Eroica."

We fancy we need not commence this article by assuring the readers of the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung* that, in the following reflections and remarks upon the rendering of the *Sinfonia Eroica*, we shall not refer to the dreamy interpretations in which the æsthetical expounders of this master-piece think themselves at liberty to indulge. Our opinions of such fantastic flights are sufficiently known, and what Beethoven himself thought of them we have frequently been informed by A. Schindler, both in many passages of his *Biography of Beethoven*, and in this paper, namely in No. 2 of the series for 1856, where the energetic protest of the composer against such interpretations, and against the errors resulting from them, is proved by a letter of 1819.¹

It may, however, be objected: "That the third symphony has a programme, which Beethoven himself wrote for it; we know, also, that it was, at first his intention to portray (1) or, at least, glorify the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte, in the symphony. Consequently, this programme must be taken as the basis of the proper reading and performance of the work."

We have already, on various occasions, stated our views with regard to the Bonaparte-story, and, among other things, shown that it is beyond a doubt that Bernadotte requested Beethoven to contribute some musical work to the glorification of the hero of the age (because Beethoven himself has expressed his feelings on the subject, which he mentioned, moreover, in the letter with which he transmitted the *Missa Solennis* to the King of Sweden). Bernadotte could have made this request only in the year 1798 (see No. 22, page 171, of the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung* for 1861), while the Symphony was not composed till 1804, and not played for the first time till January, 1805. To these dates we merely add that,

From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*. Translated for the *London Musical World* by J. V. Bridgeman.

¹ This letter was dictated to Schindler by Beethoven, in the autumn of 1819, at Mödling, near Vienna, and addressed to Dr. Christian Müller, at Bremen. We repeat the request made by us, on the occasion in question, to Herren Rheinthal, Pelzer, Schmidt, Eng.-l., etc., of Bremen, for information as to what has become of the papers left by Dr. Müller, amongst which there must have been several letters from Beethoven, since Müller visited him in Vienna, and they corresponded with each other for a considerable period.

early as the 16th of May, 1804, Bonaparte was proclaimed by the Senate Emperor, the throne being declared hereditary, and, on the 18th May, the constitution of the Empire was published. In the year 1803 (according to Schindler), Beethoven composed "Christus am Oelberge," three Sonatas with violin, Op. 30; three Sonatas, Op. 31; and fifteen Variations, Op. 35. In the year 1804, the Symphony No. II, in D major, and the Pianoforte Concerto in C minor. In January 1805, the first performance, soon followed by the second, of the *Eroica* took place. And yet it is asserted that the fair copy of the score, with the title page: "Bonaparte. Luigi van Beethoven"—and "not a word more," as F. Ries says—was completed as early as the beginning of June, 1804. This may be possible? But the subjoined assertion "that Beethoven had already thought of handing it to General Bernadotte, to send to Napoleon," is certainly impossible, since Bernadotte had not returned to Vienna since 1798.

To our object, the question is a matter of indifference; if Bonaparte was in the symphony, he was not removed from it by the fact of the title-page—or, to use without doubt, a more correct term, the dedication page, being torn out. We have not to pay attention to Ries's Bonaparte programme, but to Beethoven's programme: "Composed to celebrate the memory (Andenken) of a great man"—the "memory" (*per festeggiare il sovvenire*), that is: "of a hero who was dead," as is plainly proved by the second movement, the dead march. But the truth is that the anecdote is more acceptable than the original document to the programme-musicians of the present day: they would be only too delighted to stamp the *Eroica*, by the inscription "Bonaparte," as the predecessor of the Symphonies: *Faust*, *Columbus*, *Dante*, etc. The sole question for us is: "Can, or must Beethoven's programme influence the rendering of the Symphony?"

If the idea of the hero was to be set forth by means of music, it would fall into the domains of the Beautiful, because music is an art. It would not, therefore, be expressed by reflection, but only by the composer's fancy, within the limits of music, and by means of the resources the latter offers for the purpose. Beethoven's fancy consequently created for the principal movement, a theme, a musical motive, which, in addition to the first thing required of it, namely, that it shall be beautiful, possesses a certain characteristic something, which may awaken in the hearer, but in no way must necessarily awaken the notion of heroism. It is, however, the triumph of Beethoven's genius, that the purely artistic labor of that genius, namely the union of creative fancy with the conscious employment of musical knowledge, continually forces upon us, with increasing vividness, the idea of the heroic, by means of the principal motives of the first movement, and carries along with it our fancy, because, to the latter, for the conception of the purely musically Beautiful, the tendency to the heroic is imparted, by the inscription "*Eroica*." Not only, however, does its object lend this work its purport, but also the musical motives, and their wonderful development. In this, in the development of the leading musical thoughts, there is certainly displayed in Beethoven, more especially, the characteristic, nay, the dramatic quality of his style; for he attains the powerful effect of this development, not by his thematic work, based upon polyphony and counterpoint, as is the case with Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, but by repetition, variation, modulation, contrast, expansion, extension, preparation, and gradual elevation of the theme.

But to return to the main question, namely, whether the supposed idea of the "Heroic" ought to exercise an influence upon the execution, this influence can only affect, on the whole, the conception of the first movement (for of this alone are we treating to begin with), that is to say, the *tempo*, and what is generally adapted for characteristic rendering, so that what is grand may be rendered in a grand and spirited, not a little and affected, a sleepy, or sentimental manner. But even this is greatly modified by expression of details, otherwise, for instance, everything in the first movement would have to be played strongly and vigorously, and everything in the Dead March sadly and sorrowfully.

There remains, in point of fact, therefore, only the *tempo* as that component part of the execution which is fixed by the character of the entire work. In the first movement of the *Eroica*, it is determined not by what is heroic generally, but by the manner in which Beethoven has expressed musically what is heroic. The former view of the matter has been productive of grave mistakes in the *tempo*, and, in consequence of the reprehensible practice now prevalent of hurrying the measure, may, probably, be productive of many more. Beethoven's principal theme, as well as its whole development, does not suggest a fiery

No. 34. UNTO WHICH OF THE ANGELS SAID HE AT ANY TIME

RECIT. TENOR VOICE.

Hebrews i. v. 5.

Un-to which of the Angels said he at an-y time, Thou art my son, This day have I begot-ten thee.

No. 35 LET ALL THE ANGELS OF GOD WORSHIP HIM.

CHORUS. ALLEGRO.

Hebrews i. v. 6.

SOPRANO. Let all the an-gels of God wor-ship him.

ALTO. Let all the an-gels of God wor-ship him.

TENORE. Let all the an-gels of God wor-ship him.

BASSO. Let all the an-gels of God wor-ship him.

ALLEGRO. $\text{♩} = 144$

Let all the an-gels of God, let all the an-gels of God wor-ship him.

Let all the an-gels of God wor-ship him.

Let all the an-gels of God wor-ship him.

Let all the an-gels of God wor-ship him.

gels of God wor - - ship him,

ship him, Let all the

Let all the an-

an - gels of God wor - - ship him,

Let all the an - - gels of God wor - - ship

an - gels of God wor - - ship him,

gels of God wor -

Let all the an - gels of God..... wor -

8va.

him, Let all the an - gels of

Let

- ship him, Let all the an - gels of God

ship him, Let all the

8va.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn, page 108. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'Let all the angels of God worship him'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system has four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two piano staves. The second system has four staves: two vocal staves and two piano staves. The third system has four staves: two vocal staves and two piano staves. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. There are two '8va.' markings, indicating octave transposition for the piano accompaniment in the second and third systems. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

God wor - ship him,
all the an - gels of God wor - ship him,
wor - ship him, Let all the an
an - gels of God wor - ship him,
Let all the an
Let all the an - gels of God wor - ship him, Let all the
gels of God wor - ship him, Let all the
ship him,
gels of God wor
ship him, wor
an - gels of God wor - ship him,

ship him, Let all the an - - - gels of God, Let
- ship him, Let all the an - - - gels of God, Let
Let all the an gels of God, Let
Let all the an
Sva.
all the an - gels of God wor - - -
all the an - gels of God..... wor
all the an - gels of God..... wor
gels of God wor
ship him.
ship him.
ship him.
ship him.
ship him.

The musical score is written for a choir and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The second system has four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The third system has four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano part is written in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The score ends with a double bar line.

hero who conquers the world by storm, but some great heroic nature, strong in itself, thoroughly noble, vigorously tenacious, and seeking out every obstacle. One would imagine that such a character was so plainly expressed by the breadth and nobleness of the principal theme, in the softness of the middle portions, and in the entire rhythm of the *Allegro*, that a mistake in the *tempo* was altogether out of the question; and yet we have found, by experience, that the first movement has absolutely been rendered, by too hasty a *tempo*, an absolute caricature of one of the most elevated tone-paintings which Beethoven and art ever produced.

But it is not enough to hit upon the correct *tempo*; it is absolutely necessary to adhere quietly to it in the *Allegro* of the *Eroica*. We are declared foes not only of the so-called "individual conception," or reading of musical works on the part of conductors and executants, but also, in quite as high a degree, of all fluctuation in the *tempo*; and as, in our opinion, there is only one *tempo* for every separate piece of music, an arbitrary dragging or retarding of the time, too early degenerating into a *tempo rubato*, annihilates the value of classical music. When C. M. von Weber says:—"There is no slow *tempo* in which passages do not occur that require a quicker movement, if we would prevent a feeling of dragging; there is no *presto* that does not, on the other hand, and in precisely the same degree, demand the quiet rendering of many passages, in order that the means of expression be not destroyed by too great haste"—we can admit the correctness of the assertion only in the case of solo pieces, and not in that of orchestral works, except when we have to do with passages where the composer himself expressly marks a "*stringendo*" or "*ritardando*." All hurrying towards the conclusion of a musical work is especially revolting, and, in fact, vulgar. Against this error we should always be on our guard, but more than any where else in the first *allegro* of the *Eroica*. The first entrance of the horns, in the *Coda* (p. 73 of Simrock's score), with the theme, must not be in a *tempo* the slightest degree quicker than the theme in the violoncello part at the commencement of the symphony, especially as the figures for the violins, and, subsequently, the tenors and basses, would be one confused jumble, as with a too quick *tempo* is the case, also, with the earlier inverted figures (p. 7, and in many other places):—



—which thus, between the energetic *forte* of the basses and wind instruments, produce a perfectly ludicrous effect.

But I hear the admirers of young Mad. Musica exclaim: "Ah! we are to play according to the metronome, are we! Oh, how pedantic!"—No, gentlemen! Play, for instance, on the piano, anything you choose from the works of writers, from Chopin to Liszt, just how you like, provided you fancy you can answer for what you do. But when you conduct a symphony—unless it be your own—carefully keep correct time, for correct time is the basis of all form in music. But to keep correct time and to play by the metronome, are, for all reasonable beings, two different things, just as different as an automaton and a living musician. We do not, therefore, hesitate even begging musical conductors imperceptibly to retard certain passages—only, however, by periods, and not by bars—in the first movement of the *Eroica*, in order to obtain the proper breadth and weight of expression, which are also the best safeguard against the so-called "fiery" bolting off. Such passages are, for instance, as early as in p. 4, the fourth and fifth bar, with the *sforzando* on the third crotchet (before the scale leading up to the entrance of the theme in the *f*):—



Then the powerful chords, rhythmically and harmonically so effective, with the intermediate pause (p. 16); and then, twelve bars before the conclusion of the first part, the four bars with the kettle-drum, in B flat, which, with the intermediate crotchets of the second violins and the tenors, cannot be brought out too weightily. In the second part, the same holds good of the entire series of chords at pp. 33–36 (that wonderfully magnificent expansion and development of the figure just mentioned at p. 4); their effect being the more powerful, the

more measured, and enduring the expenditure of power with which they are introduced. The impelling and impulsive element lies here in the rhythmic accentuation, in the conflict of the latter with the regular intonation of the bars, and in the all-crushing modulation, and not in hurrying of the *tempo*; the contrary is rather the case.

Finally, we will once more direct attention to the *Coda*, in reference to the same point. The effect of the *Coda*, which consists in a gradual rise to a climax, of which it is one of the most perfect specimens Beethoven has given us, is altogether destroyed if the orchestra does not preserve the greatest calm. The theme must be rendered in its original clear form, full of quiet confidence, upon the first horns; the violins take it up, while, a bar afterwards, the three horns join them, imitatively, and the violoncellos twine round it in connected quaver-figures, until, combined with the basses and tenors, they undertake, with gradual increasing strength, its management, amid the gradually increasing braying of the trumpets, when, at length, by means of the latter, and all the other wind instruments, it appears, like some brilliant sun over the whole horizon. We will adhere to this picture; it shall serve us for the execution as well; the lofty majesty of the spectacle afforded by nature, consists in the slow and gradual rise of the bright luminary; a quick or sudden appearance of the latter would surprise us, but all would be over with our admiration and sentiment of aught that is exalted. The *tempo* of the *Coda* must not only not be hurried, but the conclusion of the movement, properly speaking, the four bars of dominant chords *ff*, which must be played in slow (*pesante*) crotchets, receive effect after the syncopated notes only in strict *tempo*, which is better retarded a little, so that they effect in conjunction with the violins:—



—the final impression of the concentrated triumphant power of a great thought that transforms a whole world. If the *tempo* be too quick, the over-vigorous expression of the climbing upwards in the fiddles will become mere meaningless scraping.

In order to prevent any misunderstanding, we beg to state, once again, that the remarks we are about to offer are intended more as a warnings than as precepts; their right application depends upon the feeling of the conductor, and cannot be metronomically prescribed. Finally, we will remark, in reference to the *tempo* of the first *Allegro*, only that its episodic points, p. 11, p. 36, etc., would be sufficient to bring back to the time any one who had taken the movement of the theme too quickly, unless he were totally deficient in all appreciation of, and feeling for, that melodious expression of the Elegiac, which, by the movements in question, Beethoven has united so beautifully, and, also, with such genuine musical contrast, to the principal poetic thought.

It may boldly be asserted that dynamic expression, apart from the different gradations of light and shade, resulting from *forte*, *piano*, *crescendo*, *decrescendo*, etc., has never been so originally applied, and so precisely marked, as far as regards accentuation, in any of Beethoven's compositions as in the first movement of the *Sinfonia Eroica*. Never before Beethoven, and never even by him previous to the composition of the *Eroica*, has rhythm been employed with such racy freedom, and accentuation treated as something so essential and redolent of character. It is principally this which imparts to the movement in question the stamp of individual life, by means of an original animation of the strain.

(To be continued.)

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 5.—MR. WOLFSOHN'S first soirée was given to a large audience in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, last evening. The attendance was such as to assure Mr. W. that this series will prove one of his most successful.

The performance commenced with Schubert's Trio in E flat major (op. 100); one of the most interesting works of its kind. As in the other Trio (op. 99) by the same author, the opening movement and the Andante are better than the other parts. The Allegro of the Trio in E flat is a noble movement full of life and beauty; abounding in changes from the grave, to the gay and containing passages requiring the greatest power, as well others that are only pleas-

ing when played with the utmost delicacy. The second movement, equally grand and yet more majestic, is a perfect poem. It is sometimes called the *funeral march*, and at the hands of Liszt would have elicited a description as fervid as his beautiful word-translation of Chopin's *Marche Funbre*.

Part of the finale was dispensed with in order to avoid the very frequent repetitions. Though I had often complained of its great length, it now seemed too short, thus illustrating the danger of tampering with such works.

Meyerbeer's "Schiller March," as arranged by Liszt, followed. It is more coherent than Liszt's "Rakoczy March" given us last year by Mr. Wolfsohn; though, like most other attempts to make a piano sound like an orchestra, the effect partook, in its nature, more of the marvellous than the musical. It is immensely difficult and was skilfully performed.

Beethoven's Sonata in A, (for Piano and Violoncello, came next, and welcome as sunshine after a storm was the change. It contrasted so gloriously with the Schiller-March that it sounded more beautifully than ever before. It was carefully and most acceptably rendered by Messrs. Wolfsohn and Schmitz.

The soirée ended with Hummel's Quintet in E flat minor, op. 87. It contains many brilliant piano passages and other "things of beauty," but few of which seem calculated to remain "joys forever."

Mr. Wolfsohn never played better and deserves the tangible evidence, just given him, of the estimation in which he is held by our lovers of classical music.

Mr. Kammerer should not forget that more tone is required to make a violin audible in a piano Trio or Quintet than in a string Quartet.

CHANTERELLE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 9.—This is the last week of Grau's opera season. It has been longer than at first anticipated, and we take this as an evidence that it has been financially successful. Artistically viewed, it has been somewhat remarkable for the introduction of three American debutantes, GUERRABELLA, LORINI and MORENSI; a new French artiste, CORDIER, and the performance, for the first time in America, of Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" (*Le Pardon de Ploermel*). This is a fair summary of the novelties of the season. Mme. Guerrabella's debut in *Traviata* and her success in *Trovatore* was certainly very gratifying, and her exquisite acting in the fourth act, the best act of the opera, such as to excite the sympathy and admiration of the audience. Her rendition of the aria "O mio Fernando," in the third act, and the rondo introduced immediately after, was very effective, and in the duo "Vieni ah vieni!" she divided the honors with BRIGNOLI, whose Fernando was excellent. This is Brignoli's favorite opera, and in it he does himself and the public more justice than in any other.

To-morrow we are promised Guerrabella as Amelia in the *Ballo in Maschera*, with Cordier as Oscar, the page. It will bring up the cheerful, happy face of the lamented Hinckley, who was charmingly adapted to the rôle. Morensi will sing Ulrica's music, and we opine, very successfully. She is a very meritorious artiste and with proper care and cultivation will rank high in the lists. At her debut as Azucena, a trying rôle, the most prominent feature of which, is the effort to make one appear as ugly and hideous as possible in the cloak and paint of the gipsy character, Morensi was well received, but with the stains washed off, and in the plain, simple robes of Adalgisa, her pleasant face, and unaffected manner, added to a rich contralto voice of very fair power and cultivation, won for her very hearty praise. In "Lucrezia Borgia," given as a "cheap" opera on Thanksgiving-day evening, Mlle. Morensi sang with great success, especially in the *Brindisi*, which was received with great enthusiasm and a well mer-

ited encore. This "cheap" opera performance was one of the best of the season. Very rarely has there been heard such a successful rendition of the different roles. Lorini, Morensi, Brignoli and Susini were the artists, and they seemed to be inspired. It was, perhaps, because the audience was an appreciative one. There is a good deal in that to artists. A cold reception freezes them up. The patronage extended to the cheap opera experiment has led to the commencement of a second of the same sort this evening, at which "Norma" will be presented with Lorini, Morensi, Maccaferri and Susini.

Last night "Dinorah" was given for the fifth time. Many critics have stamped this late production of Meyerbeer a failure. It certainly lacks the elements of popularity. It is not that enchanting style of music that one can carry away with him in his head and whistle and hum at his leisure. It, however, like all Meyerbeer's music, bears study and improves upon acquaintance. There are themes and melodies that grow upon one and gain fresh charms upon every hearing. But what difference does it make to the patron who, in the midst of the beautiful "torrent trio," wonders aloud "why don't the dear little goat come out?" or laughs at the poor fat girl in the chorus who always claps her hands at the wrong time! There was to be an acting goat (memories of Donetti's acting monkeys!), and an acting tenor, both of which were startling announcements; an invisible chorus—there is a smack of mystery in this that excites the curiosity of many,—a shadow song, still another incentive to curiosity, and an inundation. So what matters it, whether the music be good, bad or indifferent, or whether the opera be patronized from curiosity or appreciation? "Dinorah" has certainly met with a very cold reception. The attendance has been, at some representations, quite large, and the house a paying one, but everything seems chilled and repulsive. The only applause is when Cordier sings the "Ombra leggera" or Shadow song, but the exquisite *romanza* of Hoel in the third act met with no response. The beauties of the opera are concentrated in the orchestra; the "Sancta Maria" or pardon chorus; the "trio of the bell," the finale of the first act; the "Shadow Song" in the second, and the *romanza* of the baritone in the last act. The music of the last is beautifully descriptive of the grief and sorrow of the unfortunate lover, and Amodio's rendition is very effective.—Well! Dinorah, Corentin, Hoel, goat, bag-pipes, and all, have passed off the stage, and to-morrow night, the masqueraders dance over the spot where Dinorah plunged into the torrent, and peer into Corentin's cottage and look into all the corners for the goat, but it will not be found. Morensi, tired of a goat-headed life, will have taken the magician's wand and may tell some future Hoel where another treasure lies. Friday evening, and a *matinée* on Saturday will close the season, and then ho! for Philadelphia! Grau has kept all his promises, done even more than he promised and has certainly won many friends.

Now that the opera is about departing this life, concert managers and givers are arousing themselves. S. B. MILLS, the pianist, gives a grand vocal and instrumental concert this evening at the German Opera house. He will be assisted by Mme. JOHANSEN, Herr WEINLICH, the Arion Society, and the orchestra of the German Opera, all under the conductorship of CARL ANSCHUTZ. The last of the CARRENO concerts will take place this evening at Irving Hall. Miss Carreno is a great attraction and her playing is so wonderful that many have questioned the correctness of her age. A certificate from the Spanish consul certifies that she is but eight years of age.—The care and correctness with which she performs the difficult compositions of Prudent, Liszt, Thalberg and others, is perfectly wonderful. She has been assisted by Mme. D'ANGRI, Mrs. JENNY KEMPTON, Miss SALEMIER, CASTLE, the new

tenor, THEO. THOMAS, violinist, and EBEN, flutist. Mr. Harrison, the enterprising manager, and owner of Irving Hall, has had the privilege of presenting this new artist(?) to the public and he has been amply repaid. Mr. Harrison has in contemplation a season of English opera early in February, for which purpose he has engaged the Winter Garden, made famous by the Maretzek troupe in 1860 with "Nabucco" and "La Juive." All the new English operas will be brought out, including Wallace's "Lurline" and perhaps Bristow's "Rip van Winkle." This latter is promised, however, by the German company.—WILLIE BARNESMORE PAPE has just returned from Canada, where he has been giving concerts. He has offered his services to the International Relief Committee and proposes to give a concert, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to their fund. MASON and THOMAS commence their soirées on the 22d, with the usual performers.

C. JEROME HOPKINS announces his "Te Deum" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Thursday evening next, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. If it costs as much as "Dinorah" and returns as little, Timothy will not care to repeat it.

The second concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society will take place on Saturday under the direction of Theo. Thomas. The programme includes Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, in C major; Meyerbeer's "Struensee" music, and Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" Overture.

Stoppel's "Hiawatha" is to be produced at Irving Hall soon with D'Angri, Castle and Edwin Seguin.
T. W. M.

From "War Songs for Freedom."

HARVARD STUDENTS' SONG.

(*Denkst du daran.*)

Remember ye the fateful gun that sounded
To Sumter's walls from Charleston's treacherous shore?
Remember ye how hearts indignant bounded
When our first dead came back from Baltimore?
The banner fell that every breeze had flattered,
The hum of thrift was hushed with sudden woe;
We raised anew the emblems shamed and shattered,
And turned a front resolved to meet the foe.

Remember ye, how forth to battle faring
Our valliant ranks the fierce attack withstood,
In all the terrors of the tumult bearing
The people's heart of dauntless lionhood?
How many a hand forsook its wonted labor,
Forsook its gains, as prizes fall'n in worth,
To wield with pain the warlike lance and sabre,
To conquer Peace with God for all on earth?

Remember ye, how, out of boyhood leaping,
Our gallant mates stood ready for the fray,
As new-fledged eaglets rise, with sudden sweeping,
And meet unscared the dazzling front of day.
Our classic toil became inglorious leisure,
We praised the calm Horatian ode no more:
But answered back with song the martial measure,
That held its throb above the cannon's roar.

Remember ye the pageants dim and solemn,
Where Love and Grief have borne the funeral pall?
The joyless marching of the mustered column
With arms reversed to Him who conquers all?
Oh! give them back, thou bloody breast of Treason,
They were our own, the darlings of our hearts!
They come benumbed and frosted out of season,
With whom the summer of our youth departs.

Look back no more! our time has come, my Brothers!
In fate's high roll our names are written too:
We fill the mournful gaps left bare by others,

The ranks where Fear has never broken through!
Look, ancient walls, upon our stern election!
Keep, Echoes dear, remembrance of our breath!
And, gentle eyes and hearts of pure affection,
Light us, resolved to Victory or Death!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Adelina Patti in Paris.

The young and gifted songstress—lyric artist we may truly call her—whose earliest triumphs were the privilege of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and who has since shone as the "bright particular star" of Covent Garden, while Germany and Belgium and Holland have each claimed their turn of homage, has at last conquered Paris—that Paris which claims so jealously the right to set the final stamp upon an artist's fame, and which never could forgive Jenny Lind for never needing it! ADELINA PATTI made her eagerly expected debut at the Imperial Italian Theatre on Sunday the 16th of November, in the character of Amina. It seems to have been a brilliant triumph, which was amply confirmed on the following Thursday. Never before, as the accounts say, were the Parisian connoisseurs "more on the alert, more suspicious, more insensible to the voice of rumor speaking in praise of one to whom (as to Jenny Lind) the baptism of the 'Metropolis of Civilization and the Arts' was wanting." Eager as they were to see and hear her, yet they reckoned on a failure, or at least a *succès de souffrance*, as certain—for was not such a failure one of the *a priori* rights and sweet prerogatives of these supreme critics? But she came, she sang, she conquered! And all Paris was too happy to acknowledge a new idol. A fresh, young, beautiful one, too! All Paris could not resist that, so long as the severe artistic claims afforded a legitimate excuse for the surrender. But it was no doubt a genuine artistic triumph.

As an evidence of her reception by the critics, we translate the first article which appeared after the debut in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

"The destinies of artists differ not less than their characters. There have been celebrated singers who, like Jenny Lind, have disdained Paris, but Paris also will be always wanting to their glory" (*in Paris*—he should add, for out of it there is no lack of glory for the Lind). "Others, applauded everywhere, like Piccolomini, have come to extinguish themselves and make a wreck upon our stage. Here now is a third, who, not less rich in fame than the two others, disdains nothing, fears nothing, and, God be thanked, will have nothing on that score to repent of. Adelina Patti must have known that we desired her, that we expected her impatiently. She has flown to us, without needing to be too much entreated: she has sung, played, triumphed from the first day with an extraordinary *eclat*, and from this time behold her in possession of a *vogue* which would make her fortune, had not that fortune been already made in the two worlds, which dispute the honor of laying their tributes at her feet."

After a brief sketch of her history, making her now but nineteen and a half years old, the writer gives a first impression of her person, her figure and her voice:

"Adelina Patti is *petite*, but well shaped and well proportioned in her stature. She has beautiful black eyes, admirable hair of the same color, eyebrows that meet, a lightly swelling forehead, brown complexion, white teeth, and a mouth which speaks, even when she says nothing. She is assuredly pretty, very pretty indeed, but, what is much better, she is charming. She takes possession of your eyes as well as your ears; one would like to look upon her always, hear her always, for her voice resembles very much her person. The *timbre* of this voice is pure and frank; its emission singularly easy, saving a few notes, the attack of which supposes an effect. She sings as by instinct, because she has that which no master and no school can give: she is a singer by nature far more than by education. She does what she wishes with her voice, and sometimes she wishes a little too much; but if she is not always irreproachable in her adventurous fantasies" (due rather to her advisers, as it seemed to us in London, than to her own instinct of artistic propriety, which almost always leads her right) "she makes you pardon all by force of such *bravura* and such spontaneity.

"What we say of her singing must be said also of her acting, which is her exclusive property: she plays like an actress who has no need of lessons from anybody. For example, this part of Amina, in which we have seen so many artists, she has remade it after her own mind and soul. At her first entrance, instead of appearing serious and composed, according to the tradition of Mme. Persiani and some others, she bounded on with the vivacity of joy. She is about to marry a fine fellow whom she loves and who loves her: why then should she have that sad and mournful air, the useless presage of her future calamity, too soon announcing that she is a *sonnambulist*? When the Count approaches her and pays his compliments, you should see how the tender Amina, knowing the jealousy of her Elvino, looks disturbed and anxious, moderating the one, reassuring the other by her finely furtive glances. In short, Adelina Patti has forgotten nothing that could rejuvenate a masterpiece, whose date is not new, and upon which nevertheless she has found the means of setting her own impress.

"Success, bravos, recalls, bouquets received and constantly accompanied the *debutante*, of whom we shall have to speak too often to wish to express now all that we think about her. In each rôle which she shall undertake, and she is to go through almost the whole repertoire, we shall study her with the care which she deserves, and we doubt not that, in remaining always the same, she will offer us happy and numerous transformations, which will aid us to complete her artistic physiognomy."

Concert Review.

THIRD "SATURDAY POPULAR."—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club had a new and never failing attraction last Saturday evening in the aid of the "Orpheus Musical Society,"—or at least a select delegation of them, with their leader KREISSMANN. Their voices, with their well blended and well shaded harmony, were very welcome, and the expressive passages of Mr. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER (baritone) won their way, as usual, to hearty approbation. The programme was the following:

1. Overture—"Pré aux Cleres,"..... Herold
2. Flute solo—"L'Illusion,"..... Fœrstenau
Robert Goering.
3. Liedes Freiheit (Freedom of Song),..... Marschner
Orpheus Musical Society.
4. Second Part of the Septet, op. 20..... Beethoven
For Violin, Viola, Cello, Bass, Clarinet, Horn
and Bassoon. Theme and Variations—Scherzo,
Allegro molto vivace. Finale, Adagio alla mar-
cia and Presto.
5. "Les Rivals"—Grand Duo Concertante..... Kalliwoda
For Two Violins.
6. Schlaf in Ruh (Sleep in Peace),..... Moering
William Schultze and Carl Meisel.
7. Romanza from "L'Eclair," for the Saxophone, Halevy
Orpheus Musical Society.
8. Duo from "Linda,"..... Donizetti
Arranged for Quintet.
9. "She is mine,"..... Haeser
Orpheus Musical Society.
10. Canzone and Chorus—From "Un ballo in Maschera,"
Verdi

The latter half of Beethoven's Septet (quite tantamount to an entire Sonata in length and variety of movements) was well played, bating some slight imperfection of tune, and generally much relished. It is an ingenious, elegant and graceful composition in Beethoven's earlier style, but one which has grown a little dull and uninspiring to those admirers of Beethoven who are most familiar with his greater works. Still it is a work which should be kept in remembrance, and not be suffered to remain too many years unheard. In Berlin we once heard it played with the string parts reinforced by nearly all the orchestra, which seemed to put new life into it. We see that it has been treated in the same way in the Popular Classical Concerts of the Cirque Napoleon.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The second Afternoon Concert, on Wednesday, showed a considerably larger audience; but it ought to be still larger. Allow us to make one suggestion: if concert-givers wish to charm people to the Music Hall, they must see to it and not let them get discouraged by a cold reception, which they may afterwards associate with the very thought of the place. That is, the hall, and also the corridors, ought to be warmed; so that the perpetual swinging of so many doors may not freeze the very soul of music and of comfort, and endanger health, by cold draughts which no mortal head and shoulders can bear with impunity.

The Concert was a good one, embracing the following selections:

1. Grand Concert Overture to "Faust,"..... Lindpaintner
2. Concert Waltz—"Lustschwaermer," [first time in
this country] composed by (the younger brother)
Joseph Strauss
3. Symphony, No. 2, in C..... Mozart
4. German Song—"Dem Schoenen Heil," for Cornet
obligato. Performed by Anton Heinicke Neidhardt
5. Grand Fantasia from "Midsummer Night's Dream,"
[First time in this country.] Mendelssohn.
6. Franz Schubert's "Erl-King," Transcribed for Or-
chestra.
[Second time in this country] by request.
7. Major-General Sigel's "March,"..... Wiedemann.
Composed and dedicated to Major-General Sigel.

Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, we regret to say, is confined at home by illness, and Mr. SCHULTZE was a second time compelled to take the baton, leaving us *minus* one good violin. But for the most part all went well. Lindpaintner's "Faust" overture, if not a work of great creative genius, is a musician-like, effective and appropriate opening to Goethe's tragedy—or such part of it as is capable of stage performance—and in that connection we heard it several times in the Royal Opera at Berlin. It was pleasant to refresh one's memory of it. The orchestra, small as it is, played finely, and the audience appeared to relish it.

The new Strauss waltz was not less voluptuous than the fairest of the numerous sisterhood. The Mozart Symphony in C was not the "Jupiter," not one comparable to it in greatness, nor to the well-known ones in G minor and in E flat in charm and rare originality. But Mozart is always Mozart, even in his every-day mood. All that he does is the work of one of the most purely musical natures that ever strayed into the midst of this prosaic world.—The first Allegro, after its stately and sombre introduction, is graceful, lively and spontaneous, and only less interesting than is usual with Mozart. The slow movement, however, makes amends, and has

his unmistakable charm, his depth and tenderness of feeling. But as a whole this Symphony cannot be counted into the same choice category with the familiar four: in C ("Jupiter"), in G minor, in E flat and in D. In the performance it went smoothly, but perhaps a little drowsily.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" Fantasia was an ingenious and agreeable review of the leading points of Mendelssohn's music (such as the *Nocturne*, the Scherzo, the bombastic march of Bottom and his actor clowns, and finally the Wedding March), to receive which the overture is made to open in the middle, preluding to the series and again rounding it off dream-like. Some portions were not quite so clearly rendered, as most things are by this orchestra. But in the main the thing was relished, for everybody loves to dream that pleasant dream.

CONCERTS AT HAND.—This evening at the Melodeon, the fourth "SATURDAY POPULAR" of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The solid piece will be the Nonette by Spohr (for nine instruments).—Auber's "Crown Diamonds" Overture, a clarinet solo, a Cello solo by WULF FRIES, an *Entre'acte* &c., from *Le Prophète*, and songs by Miss JULIA E. HOUSTON, are the lighter attractions.

The next Wednesday Afternoon Concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION offers Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony," Weber's Overture "Ruler of the Spirits," and other good things.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—Next Thursday evening's Chamber Concert offers a novelty of the highest interest to lovers of Beethoven's music, namely, the first performance here of one of the Quartets of his latest period, that in C sharp minor! Other pieces will be a Piano and Clarinet Sonata by Weber, Mendelssohn's Quintet in A, and a couple of movements from the Quintet by Veit played at the last concert.

Mr. ELLIOTT W. PRATT, who offers his services to give instruction on the Piano-forte, is a son of Massachusetts, who has recently returned from three years of musical study abroad. For two years he laid the foundations well in the Conservatoire at Leipzig, where we enjoyed his acquaintance during our own brief delightful visit there, and found him a favorite among his fellows; since then he has spent a year in Paris, under the immediate tuition of Stephen Heller. We believe him to be well taught in the best schools, and do not hesitate to recommend him as judicious, faithful, kind and gentlemanly teacher, one without absurd pretensions.

It gives us pleasure to state that our excellent vocalist and teacher, Mr. J. Q. WETTERBEE, has recently and unexpectedly received the honorary diploma of an Associate from the Royal Academy of Music in London, the institution in which he studied several years to so good purpose.

Mrs. J. M. MOTTE.—In the dearth of Oratorios and first-class concerts, and what with the very moderate remuneration offered by our churches, Boston seems destined to lose one by one all of its really able public singers. We have now the painful duty to announce that Mrs. Motte, who has but so recently taken a foremost position among our church and concert singers, and whose noble voice and steadily improving style and execution give so much satisfaction and promise so much more, has accepted an engagement from the first of April at St. James's church in Albany, having been offered a salary of *seven hundred dollars*. Our Concert Societies and churches must do more for music, or all our talent will take wings and fly away.

RICHARD WAGNER was to direct a performance of the overture to his new comic opera: "The Master singers of Nuremberg," at a concert of Wendelin Weissheimer in the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

JOACHIM, it is said, intends to make the last Quartets of Beethoven intelligible to "the Englishers." Rather a difficult task, thinks the Vienna *Musik Zeitung*!

CARL KLINGEMANN, one of the most intimate friends of Mendelssohn, the poet who furnished the words to many of his songs, died recently in London, where he has lived for many years. (A genial and kindly gentleman! We shall not forget the evening

when he sat by our side in Exeter Hall, while Jenny Lind, Sims Reeves, &c., sang "Elijah". Ferdinand Hiller pays a tribute to his memory in the *Kölnischer Zeitung*. Mrs. Otto Goldschmidt has been elected to fill his place as a trustee of the Mendelssohn Scholarship Fund, by which an English pupil is sustained at Leipzig.

Handel's Oratorio "Hercules" has lately been performed at Breslau by the Singakademie.

Paris.

The programme of the third Popular Concert of Classical Music included Cherubini's Overture to *Loisiska*; an *Andante Religioso*, by Mendelssohn; Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony; a Hymn by Haydn, executed by all the stringed instruments; Weber's Oberon overture; M. Pasdeloup directed the orchestra. These concerts are a complete success, growing more and more truly "classical," it would seem, and more and more "popular." The vast space of the Cirque Napoleon is filled.—In the fourth concert they performed: Overture to *Semiramide*; Mozart's G minor Symphony; Adagio from Beethoven's Septet (by all the strings, with clarinet, bassoon and horn); Symphony in B flat, by Haydn.—Alfred Jaell, the pianist, appeared in the fifth (Nov. 16), and played Beethoven's E flat Concerto. The other pieces were Weber's Jubilee Overture; an *Air de ballet*, by Reineau; Beethoven's Overture to *Coriolanus*; Symphony in G, by Haydn.

Miss ADELINA PATTI has made her debut before a Parisian audience with the most brilliant success.

GRAND OPERA.—The usual round of pieces in November: *Huguenots*, *William Tell*, *La Juive*, *Le Trouvère* (*Travatore*), *L'Etoile de Messine*, *Herculanum*, *Prophète*, &c. *La Muette de Portici* was in rehearsal.

LISZT was expected in Paris, to give several concerts in the Italian theatre—EMILE PRUDENT, the composer pianist, had returned, and was to produce several new works—Mme PLEYEL and ALFRED JAELL, also, are among the piano-playing notabilities of the season.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the fifth (107th) concert, on Monday, St. James's Hall was crowded to the doors. The concert was one of the most attractive ever given. Besides the quartets—and there were two on this occasion—and besides the fiddle solo (J. S. Bach, of course) the vocal department assumed a new importance. Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance since the summer, and was welcomed with acclamations. Both his songs—"Gentle airs" and "Adelaide"—were rapturously encored, and, in great good humor (no wonder, at such a reception), the valiant champion of the "no encore" system complied in both instances. His voice was in first-rate condition (thanks, in a measure, to the air and early hours, if not to the water, of Ilkey Wells), and he sang his very best. *Verbum sat*. In the air from Handel's *Athaliah*, Sig. Piatti played the violoncello *obligato*: in "Adelaide" Mr. Lindsay Sloper was at the pianoforte; in each the combination was irreproachable.

The other vocalist was Miss Martin, for whom were set down Schubert's "Aufenthalt" (the English version, "Torrents whose waves," and Mendelssohn's "Zuleika" (No. 2, in B major. Both are impassioned songs, and therefore unsuited to Miss Martin, who, though she sings well, sings without passion.

The quartets were Beethoven's No. 7 ("Rasoumoffsky," in F) and Haydn in C major (No. 3, Op. 33).

Joachim was superb in the "Rasoumoffsky," superb in the "Haydn," and superb in the Bach (Prelude, *Loure*, two Minuets, Gavotte and Rondo, the *Bourre* being omitted). In every instance he excited the enthusiasm of the audience to "fever point."

The pianoforte sonata was one by Cherubini, in B flat (from a set of six); the pianist Herr Pauer, who also played Hummel's brilliant trio in E, most brilliantly, with Herr Joachim and Sig. Piatti.—*Mus. World*, Nov. 15.

It would be hardly possible for any capital in Europe to bring together in one concert four professors of higher eminence than those who were heard on Monday last, for with Herr Joachim were associated

Mr. Charles Hallé (than whom there are few pianists of greater ability), Mr. Sims Reeves (who stands alone amongst tenors), and Mr. Benedict (whose reputation as a composer is only equalled by his skill and exquisite taste as accompanist). Moreover, it was Mr. Benedict's first appearance since his return from the Continent, where we trust he will have recruited his powers after his long and arduous labors of the past musical campaign. Six pieces comprised the entire scheme. The magnificent quintet in G minor of Mozart (allowed by all musicians to be one of the inspirations of the composer) went to perfection; indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, with Herr Joachim for leader, and the co-operation of such artists as Messrs. Louis Ries, Webb, Hann and Signor Piatti—all worthy associates of their chief. That the applause was commensurate with the beauty of the work and the excellence of the performance will be readily conceded. For the eighth time Mr. Sims Reeves sang that exquisite circle of love songs, the *Lieder Kries* of Beethoven, as perhaps no other artist can sing it. Weber's imaginative and romantic sonata in D minor, introduced for the second time by Mr. Charles Hallé, well deserved the hearty reception it met with. Again Herr Joachim selected Bach for a display of his powers, taking the prelude and fugue in A minor for his solo. The violin fugues of the old Leipzig master bear such a strong family likeness to each other that the motto, "*ex uno discit omnes*," may be fairly applied to them, and if they do not strike any sympathetic chords in the soul of the hearer, must always command admiration for the artist who has the courage to attack such difficulties, and not only vanquish but cause a demand for their repetition. A new song of Blumenthal's, "The Message," was similarly honored, thanks to the admirable manner in which it was sung by Mr. Reeves, who seems just now in finer voice than ever. Beethoven's trio in G major for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, brought the sixth concert of the season to a satisfactory termination. Our readers should bear in mind that Herr Joachim can only make two more appearances.—*Ibid.* Nov. 22.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The success of *Love's Triumph* increases with each representation, and the improbabilities of the plot are overlooked in the beauty of the music and general excellence of the performance. This week the new opera was given three instead of four times, in consequence of the services of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison being required at Liverpool on Wednesday evening for a charitable performance. *Love's Triumph* continues to be alternated with the most popular works of the repertory in which Mlle. Pafepa can take part, such as *The Bohemian Girl*, *Dinorah*, *Martina*, and *Fra Diavolo*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The uniform excellence of the first concert, both with regard to programme and execution, showed Herr Kapellmeister Auguste Manns determined to sustain the credit of an institution which, under his fostering care, has grown to such importance. The performances of the "Crystal Palace Philharmonic" (why not?) are, indeed, equal to anything this music-loving country can boast. They are model entertainments of their class, neither too long nor too short, almost invariably well made out, and quite invariably well presented. How much of this is due to the conductor we need hardly insist.

The programme of the first concert was as follows: Symphony No. 4 in B flat, N. W. Gade Rondo, 'Pensa alla Patria,' (Mlle. Zeiss) . . . Rossini Serenade, 'Oh, Moon of Night,' (Mr. Santley), Manns Concerto, violin, in E (Herr Joachim). Spohr Cavatina, 'Ah! quel giorno,' (Mlle. Zeisse) . . . Rossini Song, 'Bliss for ever past,' (Mr. Santley) . . . Balfé Overture, 'Der Freischütz' Weber

After the concert the new gas candelabra in the nave were lit up for the promenade, during which Mr. James Coward, organist to the Crystal Palace, with his accustomed skill, gave selections from Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer (besides an improvisation), on the great organ in the Handel orchestra. Altogether the entertainment was one of the most delightful that can be imagined. At the second concert (to-day) Herr Joachim is to play Mendelssohn's violin concerto.—*Mus. World*, Nov. 15.

NEW ORATORIOS.—Three new oratorios are talked of in the German musical papers: A *St. Elizabeth*, by Dr. Liszt (not yet produced); a *Raising of Lazarus*, by Herr Vogt; and a *St. Peter*, by Herr Berthold of St. Petersburg. This last announcement makes it expedient, in avoidance of future question, to state that Mr. Benedict's oratorio, on which he has been for some time engaged, is on the subject of St. Peter, arranged for music by Mr. Henry F. Chorley, with words from Holy Writ.—*Athenæum*.

Special Notices.

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A wall for the lost in battle, who return to the cottage, the farm, the family circle, to the loved wives and mothers,—no more.

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The first of a series of arrangements for this instrument, which has of late found so much favor with amateurs. They are designed for the drawing-room, moderately long, easy and melodious, and will meet a long-felt want.

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